

KING OF THE GRIZZLIES IS DEAD.



Biography of "Old Mose."

Age, 45 years.
Weight, 1,000 pounds.
Killed: 4 men, 800 head of cattle, horses, colts, etc.
Shot over a hundred times.
Reward offered for him for thirty years.
Cost of his depredations, \$30,000.
Identified by toe missing on right hind foot.

"Old Mose," the most dreadful grizzly bear in the United States, met death befitting his long life of murder and outrage on a recent Saturday evening. His last stand was made in a quaking asp draw within the confines of his home among the broken rocks at the northwest corner of Black Mountain. He died befitting his rank and lay down in his last sleep with imposing grandeur.

Shot through and through times without number, baited with every device and cunning known to the trapper; chased by demon posses of cowboys and ranchers bent upon his extermination—in all this he has met them with superior generalship, cunning unexcelled, and knowledge supreme for thirty-five years by actual record of the cattlemen of the middle southern Colorado country. His taking away is due solely to years of training of a pack of incomparable bear dogs, who know their quarry, his habits, mode of attack, and retreat as well as this magnificent animal himself. He was handicapped by this band of intelligent trailers and knew not their circling, pinching, running away tactics.

The talk of the dogs brought the old monarch to a standstill with wonder and amazement. He did not even strike at them, but sat still, and seemed to ponder and try to unravel their unknown and untried quality. So he sat and looked and looked without a growl or even a passing of the murderous paws. J. W. Anthony knew the language of his pack with wonderment, this hunter with over forty bear pelts to his credit, and his amazement grew as he watched the unusual action of the monstrous grizzly.

"Now, what in thunder is that old fellow figuring on? Never in my life did I see such an attitude of utter indifference by any bear toward my dogs," muttered Anthony.

"I'll just take a shot—lemme see—about eighty yards."

Bang went the carbine, carrying a soft nosed 30-40. Old Mose ignored the shot, although it went through his jaw and cut a quaking asp on the other side. "Too low—damn that dog that was in the way."

The bleeding wound did not even interest the massive animal, and he did not as much as look toward the man with the gun. His interest was centered upon the four dogs snapping around his immense bulk. Likely he said to himself, "You are not the first that has put bullets in me. I'll attend to you later—at present I must investigate these funny acting little dogs."

The second shot went into the left shoulder and passed clearly through, and still he stood speculating upon the little fighters—merely glancing at the man who was firing the death dealing missiles into his body.

The third shot brought the seeming inanimate body into lightning activity. The bullet struck a quaking asp and threw splinters in his face. A sweep of his mighty paw directed at one of the dogs cost him a claw, and, missing the dogs, he uprooted an aspen that was six inches in diameter. But never a snarl nor a growl from this king of all grizzlies. In a leisurely manner, without even condescending to notice the dogs, he started at a slow walk toward Anthony.

The hunter fired his fourth shot, which went a bit high through the shoulders, and Old Mose turned and went back to the point where the dogs had stopped him and sat up for a moment, apparently surveying the country, and acted as though there was neither man nor dogs within a thousand miles. The fifth and sixth

shots were hurled into the carcass, both taking effect through the shoulders—and never a howl, growl or snarl did he make.

He took his medicine in the same manner as he had administered his power for thirty-five years—neither giving nor asking quarter. The sixth shot did not bring forth the expected, awful death cry of the bear, nor did he by sign or symptom show cowardice or anger.

Looking steadfastly at the man refilling the magazine of his rifle for a few short seconds, he at last made up his mind that it would be policy to first kill him and then pursue his interrupted analysis of these strange dogs that had the courage to snap at him and tear bunches of fur from his incomparable coat. Slowly he started toward the hunter, never leaving the awkward, slow walk of his species.

His eyes burned as with fire and his coming was terrorizing to any but the seasoned bear killer. When sixty feet away he lowered his head with an unsounded challenge, and, as his head was bended low, the hunter drew bead at the point between the ears, and, taking a long breath, gently pressed the trigger.

Slowly, as the mountain pine begins to fall under the woodman's ax, Old Mose, the terror of all man and beast alike, began to settle down. Slowly, slowly, with neither sound nor quiver, the massive king gave up his life as he had lived it, in blood and violence. He met his death with honor, willing to the last to measure his great strength and cunning in mortal combat with that of the hunter who dared to stand before him and dispute his reign.

Jake Ratcliffe, an old time bear hunter, camped on his trail for years and years. In 1886, with a party of hunters, he got on Old Mose's trail. For ten days they followed fresh signs all the time. Up in a rough gulch on Tallahassee Ratcliffe found his den, and while peering down into the box gulch fell. In a second Old Mose came out of the rocks, twenty-five feet away, and charged the intruder.

Ratcliffe fired his Old Henry. He was unable to load and fire again. The bear took one fell swoop of his iron arm and paw and Ratcliffe fell to the ground, his scalp torn completely from his head and five gashes down his back, stripping the flesh from the bones. He fell fainting and Old Mose walked away.

When he revived he began to call and his companion heard him, but, unfortunately, so did the bear, and with another rush he was upon his victim and began his murder. Ratcliffe was cuffed and bit until he was a mass of broken bones and mutilated flesh. Old Mose hit the trail, and when the hunters found their friend they gave up all thought of the bear. The last words he uttered were: "Boys, don't hunt that bear."

On Cameron mountain a skeleton was found with a rusty rifle beside it and Old Mose was credited with the death. Last summer a skeleton was found on Thirty-Nine-Mile Mountain, that of a cowboy, the boots and spurs were beside the bones, and as this was the stamping ground of this mammoth he was duly credited with the murder.

Old Mose received his appellation from the manner in which he moseyed toward men he would happen upon—his glowness in leaving a carcass when fired upon and his general habit of just plain "mosey." He has caused no small amount of trouble and many are the partly eaten steers that this bear has pulled down—of course, he was always known by the missing toe of the right hind foot, and could be easily identified.

A strange thing comes to light with the passing of the king. There has been following in his wake of murder a cinnamon bear that, measured from the reach on their several rubbing posts, showed but a difference of eight inches in this cinnamon's height and that of the dead bear. This bear has never consorted with the old bandit, but has carefully followed him and taken the leavings. But never have their trails crossed; Mr. Cinnamon has invariably been in the rear.

WEAKNESS OF STRONG MEN.

No One Absolutely Free from All Manner of Defect.

Those who are seeking through study of superior men to make themselves at least less inferior are often puzzled and baffled by the discovery of characteristics that seem absolutely incompatible with greatness. There is hardly a great man whose life is at all accurately known in whom there was not a weakness that would destroy an ordinary man—sometimes mental weakness, as utter lack of judgment; sometimes moral weakness; again, physical weakness.

But is there on record a single case of a great man who had not through his character a certain toughness of fiber which made him free from the common weakness of whining and rushing about for refuge at the first black lift of adversity? Is not that fundamental sense of insecurity, or inability to stand alone, the great enemy we all have to fight? Is it not the enemy that drives some to the false courage of drink, others to slink and crawl along the byways of indirection and crime, many, many others to resign the guidance of their destinies to some master or masters with hardly an effort to thing or do for themselves?—Saturday Evening Post.

WHY HE WAS NOT DISTURBED.

Clergyman's Explanation Disconcerted Would-Be Joker.

A clergyman who was traveling stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers.

The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their rally of wit upon him without eliciting a remark.

The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors.

One of them at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."—Short Stories.

One Secret of Carnegie's Success.

Business rivals of Andrew Carnegie were at one time helpless to account for his ability to undersell them in whatever market they turned to. They sent experts quietly to look over his work and report. Mr. Carnegie, it is said, heard of their presence. He invited them to an inspection, with himself as guide, and at last offered to show them the secret of his success. He took them into a room lined with books and reports, where a dozen clerks were at work on documents and figures. This room represented an expenditure of \$80,000 a year. "It is worth that," said Mr. Carnegie, "for a business man to know at any moment all the details of his business."—World's Work.

"Stumped" the Head Waiter.

Jesse Lewisohn was dining at the most fashionable restaurant in the metropolis with a western millionaire who is very fond of joking. The latter summoned the head waiter and said: "I presume everything in this place is the best that money can buy?" "Most assuredly, sir," replied the waiter, with a dignity that might have aroused the envy of a United States senator.

"Well, that's all right, but when you run short, what substitute do you use for terrapin?"

For once in his life that head waiter was "left at the post" and never tried for an answer.—New York Times.

The End of All Armies.

We may really be on the verge of the millennium, for M. Emile Guarini has come to the conclusion that it will soon be possible to destroy armies by lightning. Receiving a shock from a wireless telegraph apparatus through an umbrella, he experimented with a Ruhmkorff coil, and found that shocks could be transmitted through the air with moderate currents. He concludes that the energy of 1,000 horsepower, at 100,000 volts, could be concentrated by antennae so as to destroy life at a distance of twelve miles. The present difficulty, which he believes will be soon overcome, is that of controlling and directing the electric waves.

Speak No Words of Love.

When a Dyak of Borneo makes love he helps the girl in the hardest portion of her daily toil. If she smiles upon him, no matter how sweetly, he does not immediately respond, but waits until the next dark night. Then he steals to her house and wakens her as she lies asleep beside her parents. The parents, if they approve, make no sign, but sleep on—or pretend to. If the girl accepts she rises and takes from her lover the betel and sweetmeats he has brought her. That seals their betrothal and he departs as he came, neither speaking nor being spoken to.

Not Alone.

When our dear ones leave us
Never on the strange path
Do they go alone.

Swift as light from heaven,
Swift as love,
Comes the Lord to meet them,
Hasting from above.
Little child, or pilgrim
Worn and old,
Do not have to wander
Looking for the fold.

For the Christ who brought us
Heaven's grace
Takes their hand and guides them
To his dwelling place.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Every Where.

LIVE STOCK



Thrift in Sheep.

In the raising of sheep sight must at no time be lost of the necessity for keeping them thrifty. Some human beings may go without their breakfast and get along on a half ration, but this rule must not be applied to the sheep. The thrifty sheep is a healthy sheep, and one that can and will resist disease, because it is thrifty. Thrift means that there can be an increase in productiveness and in growth because the internal organs are working well. Both quantity and quality of gain come out of thrift. There is no better way to stave off disease than by thrift. There is no better way to help the sheep keep away intestinal parasites than by keeping it thrifty. This should be the first object of the intelligent flock-master. Not only is the amount of mutton made governed by this matter of thrift, but even the quality of the wool is affected. The elements that go to make thriftiness in sheep are, first, good feed, and all of it that the sheep will eat and digest; second, good and pure water and enough of it; third, good shelter, which means a shelter not too close nor too open; and lastly, attention by the shepherd. One would think these to be self-evident truths and that no attention would need to be called to them. Yet in the matter of food we know that it is quite a common custom on many of our farms to allow the sheep to care for themselves in the summer, even when the drouth has dried up the pasture so that it is a most difficult task for these animals to get enough to eat to appease their hunger. We have known such sheep pastured on the tops of mountains, where it was a long distance to any water supply, and the sheep would, of course, become very thirsty before taking their long journey to the foot of the mountain. In such a flock there can be little profit either in mutton or in wool. This condition is more likely to occur in late summer and early fall than at any other time.

The shepherd will then be hardly likely to notice the lack of thrift, as the wool is increasing slowly on the backs and sides of the sheep and the shrinking carcass is not seen. At this time of year too there is a tendency for the wool to grow long on account of the approaching cold weather, this being a provision of nature to protect the sheep against the cold of the coming winter. A flock so kept will be a disappointment to the farmer, for he will not be able to get either the weight of wool or of carcass he expected. His greatest disappointment will come when the carcasses are weighed, and he will fail to understand why sheep that seemed to be all right while on pasture should shrink so on dressing. If the pastures do not furnish enough feed at all times to keep the flock thrifty, it will pay well to watch the decadence of the feed in the pasture and supplement it by feed given at the barns.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, it acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Films of soap bubble have been measured of a thinness of the four-millionth part of an inch.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Dose a teat.

First Child—"My father's got so much money he doesn't know how to spend it."

The Power of Heredity.

Man has greatly modified the forms and habits of all the animals that have been domesticated by him, yet he has not been able to eliminate certain traits that have come down through thousands of generations from the remote past. Even the house dog, furnished a bed to his liking, will turn round a number of times before lying down, just as did the wild dog, his remote ancestor, who had to do that to break down the tall grass for his bed. Even the cow on the range has not forgotten the habits of her remote progenitors and hides her calf in the bushes, though the careful herdsman will take care of it, and the cow knows it. Even the custom of the mare in nursing her foal a little at a time, but often is believed to come from habits developed by thousands and thousands of years of experience when the mare had to depend on herself to keep out of the way of ravenous animals. The colt would not be able to run fast with a full stomach and so the mother was watchful to give him a little at a time and keep him in running trim. If we have not been able in some thousands of years to eliminate such traits, how long must have been the period during which they were forming?

The Good Feeder.

The hide of the easy feeder should be of medium thickness and should be soft and mellow. The hair should be fine and thick, as this indicates good respiratory and circulatory organs within. The skin tells a more truthful tale of the ability of the steer to make the best use of food than most of us suppose. When the digestive organs lack strength and the circulation is poor and sluggish, the hide becomes thick and unyielding to the touch, and the hair is harsh and wiry. The head should be short, measuring from a line drawn across the eyes to the nose, and should be broad. This indicates the ability to masticate food. The large mouth is indicative nearly always of an ability to take care of a great deal of food. The nostrils will generally be large in an easy feeder, this indicating good-sized organs for breathing. This is of importance, as it is by means of the lungs that the carbon in the body of the animal is changed into carbonic-acid gas, thus producing force in the change. Skillful feeders declare that steers that do not have these characteristics seldom give a good account of themselves in the feed lot, and, when sent to market, are a disappointment.

Married Life in Abyssinia.

In Abyssinia, a husband who can afford the expense is continually adding to his household of wives. As soon as his favorite begins to pall on him he deposes her for another. The new wife rules the house, dictates orders to the other wives, who, strange as it may seem, obey her without open remonstrance. If any of the former favorites ever cared for their lord they soon cease to be jealous of his affections. They know, too, that the time will surely come when they will be turned out into the streets to look for another master.

Show Surgical Operations.

Cinematograph records are now made of all operations performed by a certain famous physician and surgeon in Paris. He entered some time ago into an arrangement with an operator of the bioscope, who has taken pictures for the doctor on several occasions. It is stated that the records in question are invaluable as scientific documents. One of the surgeon's operations which has been cinematographed was that by which the link of flesh connecting the Hindu twins, Redica and Doodica was severed.

Old Soldier's Story.

Sonoma, Mich., June 13.—That even in actual warfare disease is more terrible than bullets is the experience of Delos Hutchins of this place. Mr. Hutchins as a Union soldier saw three years of service under Butler Barke in the Louisiana swamps, and as a result got crippled with rheumatism so that his hands and feet got all twisted out of shape, and how he suffered only a rheumatic will ever know.

For twenty-five years he was in misery, then one lucky day his druggist advised him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Of the result Mr. Hutchins says:

"The first two boxes did not help me much, but I got two more, and before I got them used up I was a great deal better. I kept on taking them and now my pains are all gone and I feel better than I have in years. I know Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure rheumatism."

When gratitude goes up it never comes back empty-handed.

Fewer married men than bachelors commit suicide.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, it acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Films of soap bubble have been measured of a thinness of the four-millionth part of an inch.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Dose a teat.

First Child—"My father's got so much money he doesn't know how to spend it."

The Power of Heredity.

Man has greatly modified the forms and habits of all the animals that have been domesticated by him, yet he has not been able to eliminate certain traits that have come down through thousands of generations from the remote past. Even the house dog, furnished a bed to his liking, will turn round a number of times before lying down, just as did the wild dog, his remote ancestor, who had to do that to break down the tall grass for his bed. Even the cow on the range has not forgotten the habits of her remote progenitors and hides her calf in the bushes, though the careful herdsman will take care of it, and the cow knows it. Even the custom of the mare in nursing her foal a little at a time, but often is believed to come from habits developed by thousands and thousands of years of experience when the mare had to depend on herself to keep out of the way of ravenous animals. The colt would not be able to run fast with a full stomach and so the mother was watchful to give him a little at a time and keep him in running trim. If we have not been able in some thousands of years to eliminate such traits, how long must have been the period during which they were forming?

The Good Feeder.

The hide of the easy feeder should be of medium thickness and should be soft and mellow. The hair should be fine and thick, as this indicates good respiratory and circulatory organs within. The skin tells a more truthful tale of the ability of the steer to make the best use of food than most of us suppose. When the digestive organs lack strength and the circulation is poor and sluggish, the hide becomes thick and unyielding to the touch, and the hair is harsh and wiry. The head should be short, measuring from a line drawn across the eyes to the nose, and should be broad. This indicates the ability to masticate food. The large mouth is indicative nearly always of an ability to take care of a great deal of food. The nostrils will generally be large in an easy feeder, this indicating good-sized organs for breathing. This is of importance, as it is by means of the lungs that the carbon in the body of the animal is changed into carbonic-acid gas, thus producing force in the change. Skillful feeders declare that steers that do not have these characteristics seldom give a good account of themselves in the feed lot, and, when sent to market, are a disappointment.

You Should Try

Maple-Flake

Crisp

Wheat Flakes

With Maple Flavor.

TOLD IN CALIFORNIA.



Judge A. J. Felter of 318 So. E. St., San Bernardino, Calif., says:—"For 18 years my kidneys were not performing their functions properly. There was some backache, and the kidney secretions were profuse, containing also considerable sediment. Finally the doctors said I had diabetes. Doan's Kidney Pills wrought a great change in my condition and now I sleep and feel well again."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Judge Felter will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

Germany Densely Wooded.

Germany is probably the most densely wooded country in Europe. Over one quarter of the entire area of the empire is covered with forest.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Dogs scent danger sooner than men, and their fidelity is more reliable.—The King's Messenger.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Silent men seldom contradict themselves.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE

Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 3 oz. package only 5 cents.

A good blower is not always a good striker.

I do not believe Plac's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

There's nothing better in this world than usefulness.

SORE FEET

SORE HANDS

One Night Treatment

with CUTICURA

Soak the feet or hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP.

Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaling eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in one night.

Complete Home Cure, consisting of CUTICURA Soap, 25c. (10¢ in form of Cuticura Ointment, 25c. per tin of 50¢), Ointment, 25c. per tin of 50¢. Depot: London, 27, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4; Paris, 2, Rue de la Paix; Boston, 117, Columbus Ave.; Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole U.S. Disp. for "How to Cure Every Member."